

How To Train Someone Else's Dragon

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Summary: First movie. Hiccup finally finds the Night Fury he hit the night before, but it never even occurred to him that the dragon might have an owner. Random AU. OC. One-shot, might turn into full story if I get enough reviews.

1. Chapter 1

****Hey guys :)****

****I thought I'd try my hand at some HTTYD fiction between updating my other stories. It's just a random idea I had one day and decided to write down. It's set during the first movie when Hiccup finds Toothless after having shot him down and turns completely AU.****

****Enjoy.****

* * *

><p>Hiccup looked up from his hand-drawn map, scattered with X's, and peeked over the gorge expectantly. Pleasepleasepleasebethere... Nothing. The clearing was disappointingly empty. He added another 'X' to the page, then scratched his pencil over the whole map in frustration. This was ridiculous. He had been searching for that miracle dragon for hours and all he had for his trouble was sore feet and eyes he could barely keep open. _Damn dragons. _

He snapped the book closed and pocketed it, huffing in defeat and starting to mutter. "Uggh, the gods hate me." He climbed gingerly over a boulder and stamped the ground grumpily. "Some people lose their knife or their mug. No, not me. I manage to lose an _entire dragon_." He trudged on and whacked a low-hanging branch out of the way, but it snapped back at him, hitting him in the face. _Ow ow ow that stings..._ He looked up, squinting, to see a snapped tree trunk. His tired eyes followed it to a long trench of up-turned earth that

lead over a clump of boulders. Suddenly he's not so tired anymore. Maybe this could be it. Maybe... He followed the trench, creeping silently over the boulders and peeping over the top.

And there, he sees it. A downed, black dragon, its body and tail tangled in a bola. His bola. Hiccup's skipped a beat. Was it dead? It sure wasn't moving. Biting his lip, heart hammering in excitement, he slipped over the top of the boulders and slowly approached the creature, unable to stop the beaming smile that stretches his face. ****"Oh wow," he murmured, almost unable to believe what was in front of him. "I did it. I did it. This fixes everything! Yes!" He struck a victory pose, planting his foot on the fallen Night Fury. The possibilities were endless for him now. Thoughts of respect and friends and Astrid and his father filled his mind. Everything was possible now. He stuck his chest out proudly. "I have brought down this mighty beast!"

It suddenly shifted.

"Whoa!" Hiccup sprung back, terrified. _It's not dead! Oh Gods, it's still alive!_ Rattled, he fumbled for his blade and crept along the length of the weak, wounded dragon, dagger poised to strike. As he reached the head, he found the Night Fury's yellow eyes wide open and staring coldly up at him. He tried to look away, but something about its unnerving, unflinching stare drew him back. It looked almost pleading... But now was not the time for mercy. He had brought this dragon down and now he was going to finish the job. With the creature safely tangled in the ropes, Hiccup jabbed at the air with his dagger, puffing himself up with false bravado. "I'm going to kill you, Dragon. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Viking." He took a breath, saying the words more to reassure himself than to intimidate the dragon. "I am a VIKING!" He raised the dagger, determined to prove his Viking-ness. After this, the other kids would have to respect him. No more teasing, no more contempt, no more working in Gobber's dingy little shop. He could finally be recognized for his full potential. He just had to plunge the blade down...

But the dragon's labored breathing broke Hiccup's clenched concentration. He opened an eye, uncertainty leaking through. Could he really do this? End the life of an innocent creature? The dragon held the stare, fearful and pleading. He felt like it was looking into his very soul, begging him not to go through with it. Finally, the Night Fury closed its eye and lowered its head, seemingly resigned to its fate. Now was his chance. _Do it quickly, don't let it feel pain._ He held the dagger aloft, ready to strike.

"NO!"

The cry echoed around the clearing, startling him. Hiccup looked up, still holding the blade above his head, and was amazed and a little bit terrified to see a girl standing on the edge of the rock wall. She jumped, and he watched, mouth open, as she leaped from boulder to boulder as nimbly as a mountain goat and landed on the ground.

"Leave that dragon alone!" she growled, creeping slowly towards him. He watched her, fascinated. She was pale and heavily freckled, her flame-coloured hair was chopped short and spiky, and she was slightly taller than he was. She was clad entirely in what looked like dragon

scales and a long, dark, yak-fur cloak. Her feet were bare and her toes nearly blue from the cold, and her legs and arms were covered in scratches, probably from poking around in the forest like he had been.

He blinked as she motioned him away from the dragon, her face angry. He almost obeyed her, but then he raised his dagger again and planted his feet firmly on the ground. "I found it first."

"Go away."

"No." He looked her in the eye and glared, hoping he looked intimidating. "I brought it down, and I'm going to bring it's heart back to my father."

Quick as lightening she had pulled a sword on him. He gasped and raised his hands in the air, dropping the dagger, and she approached him and kicked it away. She scowled, pointing the sword at him, then turned away and touched the dragon's head tenderly. Hiccup watched in shock as she stroked it and muttered unintelligible words to it. It's eye opened and focused on her, and she smiled and kissed the creature on its snout.

"W-w-what are doing?" he asked, confused. How was she not afraid of this creature? It was a Night Fury of all things! And here she was acting like it some some kind of pet!

"She's alive, no thanks to you," she muttered, sending another glare his way. "But these ropes, ugh! Poor dragon, did the mean little boy hurt you? For his sake, he better not have. He might find a sword in his gut if he did..." She examined the ropes holding the dragon and raised her sword to them. "Let's get you free."

"No!" Hiccup cried feebly as she cut the first rope. He had worked hard to make the device that threw that rope, and spent half the day looking for the dragon, and now she was setting it free? But there was nothing he could do. He watched glumly as she cut the rest of the ropes and stepped back. The dragon stretched and slowly clambered to its feet, and Hiccup stepped back in fear. Now was probably a good time to get out of there...

But the dragon swung its head around and fixed Hiccup with a glare, and in one bound had pinned him to the ground. Hiccup looked over at the girl, who was standing back with her arms crossed, stone-faced, then stared up at the creature above him, terror galloping through his veins like a thousand wild horses. This was it. This was where he would die. There would be no dramatic welcome back at the village, no chance of redemption, no chance to change his father's mind. He was going to die at the hands of an angry dragon and its equally angry owner. He squeezed his eyes shut as the dragon opened its mouth, the whistling hiss of gas at the back of it's throat signalling that it was about to blow his head off, and resigned himself to his fate. If he was lucky, he might make it to Valhala. That wouldn't be so bad...

Then the most deafening sound he had heard in his life blasted in his ears, and the weight holding him down lifted. He cracked one eye open to see the dragon backing off, still glaring, and the girl frowning in confusion before clambering on top of it. "You should have eaten him," he heard her say before they bounded off into the forest,

leaving him alone on the ground, mind spinning with what he had just seen.

* * *

><p>There you go! I wasn't quite sure where I was going to go with this, but I think it turned out ok. Reviews are very welcome. Tell me what you thought and whether I should turn this into a story. If I do write more about this, maybe give me some ideas too, cuz I really don't know what I could do with this. **

Thanks for reading :) Go check out my other stories. Everything Has Changed needs a bit more love. Love you guys, and maybe I'll write more HTTYD fics in the future :)

2. Chapter 2

**Hey there! Since I've had a few reviews and plotted the rest of the story out, I'd put up another chapter. Thanks go to Bella, a random person, and Alexa Twilight for your reviews**.

* * *

><p>Hiccup stayed in the woods all day, unable to wrap his mind around what had happened that morning. He had considered following the pair, but by the time he had awoken from his dead faint on the mossy forest floor, it was already midday, they were long gone, and his eyes were just about falling out of his head with fatigue. So he sat back against one of the boulders in the clearing and resting, mind spinning, until he fell into an uneasy sleep, images of black scales and fiery hair dancing behind his eyes.<p>

That night, Hiccup slipped back into the village, and tried to sneak into the house he shared with his father. After the mortifying episode the night before, the strange events of the morning and his absence from the village that day, he didn't feel up to another disappointed lecture from the chief of the island. He entered the house and shut the door quietly behind him, eyes on the giant man seated on a thick slice of tree-trunk. He was slouched over the fire-pit, stirring the coals with his axe, embers wafting around his beard, and the boy was momentarily reminded of spikey hair and sharp blades. Shaking his head, Hiccup tried to sneak past, up the stairs to his room, and was almost there when the dreaded word echoed quietly up to him.

"Hiccup."

He froze, wincing at the sound. "Dad. Uh..." Stoick stood as his boy retraced his steps, came reluctantly back down the stairs and took a deep breath. Might as well get it over with... "I, uh... I have to talk to you, Dad."

"I need to speak with you too, son." Hiccup and Stoick straightened at the same moment.

"I've decided I don't want to-"

"I think it's time you learn to-"

"-fight dragons." Both men frowned in confusion. "What?"

Stoick gestured to his son. "You go first." Hiccup shook his head, already dreading where the conversation was going. "No, you go first."

The chief nodded. "Alright. You get your wish. Dragon training. You start in the morning."

What? Hiccup groaned, hands fidgeting nervously. "Oh man, I should've gone first. Uh, 'cause I was thinking, you know we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings, but do we have enough bread-making Vikings, or small home repair Vikings-?"

Stoick continued as if he hadn't heard. "You'll need this." He held his axe out to Hiccup, the blade gleaming dangerously in the firelight. It was a large weapon, made for throwing. Made for someone strong. Someone, anyone, other than the scrawny boy in front of him.

Hiccup withdrew, eyeing first the blade, then his father. "I don't want to fight dragons," he stammered. He had thought long and hard about this on the way back and now he was sure.

Stoick laughed disbelieving. "Come on. Yes, you do."

"Rephrase." Hiccup swallowed. "Dad, I can't kill dragons."

"But you will kill dragons."

"No, I'm really very extra sure that I won't."

"It's time Hiccup."

"Can you not hear me?"

"This is serious son!" Stoick forced the axe into Hiccup's hands and stepped back.

Its weight dragged the boy down, his arms already beginning to ache under the heavy weapon. He looked up to see Stoick under-lit with firelight, his face an expression of hope and pride.

"When you carry this axe... you carry all of us with you. Which means you walk like us. You talk like us. You think like us. No more of..." he gestured non-specifically at Hiccup, "...this."

"You just gestured to all of me."

"Deal?"

Frustrated, Hiccup tried one more time to get his father to listen. "This conversation is feeling very one-sided."

Stoick ignored his protests. "Deal?!" Hiccup glanced at the axe in his hands. It was a no-win argument. "Deal."

Seeming satisfied, Stoick grabbed his helmet and duffel bag from somewhere behind him and headed for the door. "Good. Train hard. I'll be back. Probably." He nodded glumly. "And I'll be here. Maybe."

The chief headed out the door, leaving Hiccup alone. The door banged behind him and the boy sighed and set the weapon carefully on the floor, then headed up the stairs to his room, where he lay down on his bed and stared out the window at the black sky, wondering what the next day would bring.

* * *

><p>Dragon training the next day was terrifying and painful. Hiccup trailed out of the ring with the rest of his group, rubbing his shoulders and trying to forget the fact that he had almost had his head blown off by a Gronckle. The others were joking and laughing together, pumped up by their first day of training despite everyone's dismal failures. Well, not everyone's. Astrid didn't get hit. Astrid did everything right. As she always did.<p>

Hiccup broke off from the group and headed away, towards the smithy where he was supposed to work in the afternoons. The voices of the other kids faded behind him and he wondered if anyone would even notice if he just disappeared. Then he snorted. Of course they would. They wouldn't have any entertainment if i was gone. That's all I'm good for.

A hand on his arm broke through his depressing inner monologue, and before he knew what was happening, he was lying on the ground in an alley between two buildings. Coughing and wheezing, he looked up to see a familiar angry face towering above him.

"You!" he huffed, trying to get his breath back. "Wh-what are y-"

"I should've killed you yesterday," she growled, placing one bare foot on his chest when he tried to get up. "You scum! You've ruined everything!"

"How?" He tried to wiggle out from under her foot, but she had him pinned. He was reminded of the unpleasant fact that she had a sword and she probably had no problems using it, whether on an animal or a boy. "Wh-what did i do?"

"You shot down my dragon, is what you did, and you injured her too! She can't fly!"

Hiccup paled. "I-I'm sorry, I d-didn't mean to..."

She sneered and opened her cloak a little, so now he could see her hand resting on the hilt of her sword. "You're a pathetic, grovelling weakling. Maybe i should put you out of your misery here and now, to save everyone else the trouble."

Hiccup swallowed, eyes wide in fear and locked on her fingers, which were now playing with the handle of the sword as if teasing him with the idea of death. "Wait! M-maybe i could, uh, help in some way... Do you want food? I have food. Or water, or clothes, or fish..." he trailed off as the fury left her face and was replaced with guarded interest. Encouraged, he kept going. "Maybe I could help your dragon. I have a friend who is a healer, and i watch them sometimes ... I mean never healed a dragon before but i could i try-"

"Ok, stop talking now." The girl seemed to have an internal debate,

then, carefully, she stepped back, removing her foot and letting him up off the ground. "I don't know what to do," she admitted. "Maybe you can help."

"Oh, thank Thor." Hiccup eased himself up, watching her warily. "I thought you were actually gonna... You weren't really gonna... Were you?"

She gazed at him indifferently. "Where's this food you were talking about?"

* * *

><p>Later on, after Hiccup had grabbed as much food as he knew wouldn't be noticed and bundled it up for his new friend, they headed into the woods together, the girl leading the way. They climbed over boulders and pushed through bushes and threaded between trees, the afternoon sunlight dappling the mossy, leafy ground. Too afraid to draw any unnecessary attention to himself from her, Hiccup balanced the bundle of food awkwardly in his arms as he tried to keep up with her, not saying a word when he nearly fell into a hole or over a root. Finally, when he was about to ask if she actually knew where she was going, she turned towards a couple of giant boulders and slipped through the crack between them. He followed slowly, not sure what to expect, and stared, surprised, at what was waiting on the other side. They were in an isolated cove, protected by stone walls and complete with a crystal pool taking up half of the ground space. On the shore, curled up on what looked like a nest of singed grass, was the Night Fury.<p>

* * *

><p>Dun dun dun... Not really._

**I know, this was too short, but I'm stretched pretty thin at the moment. **

**To be continued... **

End
file.